

The kids seemed to understand the role of the picadors better than many of the fans, how it is necessary to lower the head of the bull without, however, bleeding the animal into a stupor. They rooted for the bull when it was right to root for him, against the horses, for instance, and the fat-clown banderilleros.

Afterwards they wanted to know when we could go again. I hope it will be soon. I hope they will go on, with or without me, to Mexico City and Pamplona and Madrid. I hope they will come to associate the bullfights, as I have, with good women and great friends. I think of Vince Prestianni and I at our very first bullfight in Nogales cursed with the rain but blessed with Carlos Arruza. I think of Koertge and I driving from Tucson to Juarez and back to see Jaime Bravo, Jaime Rangel, and the Numero Uno of that season, Paco Camino, and so tired by morning that we were hallucinating on fatigue alone. I hope they will love Hemingway.

No, they didn't mind the snorting and the gore, the snapping-to-attention of the bull as his spine was severed, but, on a gentler note,

my son, insecure as to whether he enjoys the full affection of his older sibling, asked at one point:
"When the bull dies, is his sister sad?"

PRONOUNCING BORGES

Everybody asks me what I think of him.

First thing first.

I don't intend to read a word until I have perfected the pronunciation of his name.